

## Voices Of Theory

### "If U Luv"

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For the streets, y'all  
Bang it in the clubs, y'all

[ VERSE 1: Skoob ]

Aiyo, I kiggedy-came back cause my fans was callin  
My Lower East Side boriquas to Spanish Harlem  
My squad is sick, giggedy-got a squad of chicks  
That'll rob a chick (for what) for her Prada shit  
In the hood crackfiends keep my Ordo clean  
I'll turn a room full of dykes to a porno scene  
Henny and Coke, nah, higgedy-Henny and smoke  
I don't love her, throw a rubber on the jimmy and stroke  
My game tight like Dreamcast  
Half these niggas never seen cash  
Half my street team tryin clean cash  
I play the hood in a tinted down dark somethin  
We finish it, now who the fuck want start somethin?  
You fuckin with the unfuckable, untouchable  
Get this cash, what's my last name? A Huxtable  
Fuck a Rolls, give me a 5 and I'm good  
This ain't a sit-com, my dogs tryin to survive in the  
hood

[ CHORUS ]

Yo yo, all my honeys, if you love hip-hop  
Get money if you love hip-hop  
Yeah, show your titties if you love hip-hop  
(Cause we them bitches, what?)  
Yo yo, all my dogs, if you love hip-hop  
Yeah, make money if you love hip-hop  
Grab your dick if you love hip-hop  
Cause we them niggas

[ VERSE 2: Dray ]

You miggedy-might know the kid, I'm from around the  
way  
I stay on the go and smoke a pound a day  
It's Dray, I lock it down like it 'posed to be  
And ain't niggedy-none of y'all comin close to me  
I run through, 1-2, criggedy-crush the scene  
Now look, all the chicks riggedy-rush the team

To get it on with the mack, on in the back  
Hit the studio and get it on with the track  
Then I run around like I own the town  
Own the crown, yo Boogie Bang, hold me down  
See, I'm from the streets where the hustlers play  
Police come through and we ain't got nothin to say  
From Jersey, dunn, piggedy-pack a dirty gun  
Underneath the miggedy-Marbury jersey, dunn  
It's one for all, bust rhymes, guns and all  
It's Diggy-Das, no doubt, we the ones to call

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3: Skoob ]

Yo yo, you know how I get when I'm in the club  
I'm linin up every dime in the club and tryin to get love  
I'm buyin em bub' at the bar unfoldin my stack  
Committed hoodrat holdin my gat  
She only speak through the hole in my gat  
Put a hole in your face, try and run, she put a hole in  
your back  
Either or, it don't matter, liggedy-lemonhead  
chickenhead  
She leave a nigga dead, BK to ???????

[ Dray ]

I give her bread but she better bring the change back  
(don't play)  
I'm from the hood and ain't never gonna change that  
(no way)  
You know my steez, blow my trees  
I riggedy-rep that shit cause I know mamis  
That don't play, spend cash and ball  
And piggedy-puff hydro and blaze hash and all  
I like my drinks strong, my cigar Cuban  
Biggedy-by now you know how the god's groovin  
Come on

[ CHORUS ]

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